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A N
EPISTLE

FROM A

Gentleman at *Twickenham*,

TO A

Nobleman at *St. James's*.

Occasion'd by an

EPISTLE
FROM A
NOBLEMAN,

TO A

Doctor of Divinity.

*Little, pretty JACK-a-dandy,
Stole a Piece of Sugar-Candy,
From a Grocer's Shoppy Shop,
And away did hoppy hop.*

H. CAREY.

L O N D O N:

Printed for WILLIAM GUESS, near *Temple-Bar*, and
Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops. [*Price Six-Pence.*]

AN
EPISTLE

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April 20, 1910

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Little pretty Jack-a-dandy,
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EPISTLE

FROM A

Gentleman at *Twickenham*,

To A
Nobleman at *St. James's*.



KINDLY accept what kindly I indite,
What my Soul dictates, and my Pen does
write.

To you, dear Youth, these Lines I do address,
For Kindnesses receiv'd, I can't do less:
Frankly I own my Faults, and am to blame,
Have you Sincerity? You'll do the same,
But who will think that you can be Sincere,
Who every Day imbibe infectious Air?

A C - - - t for *Widgeon* is a deadly Snare,
A *Woodcock* he must be, who sees the Gin,
And yet so stupid proves, to venture in.

B

As

As for my Part, I chuse to live remote,
 Nor will I be induc'd to turn my Coat;
 I hear, but yield not to the *Syren's* Note.
 Let others in Brocaded Silks and Sattins
 Appear abroad, while I attend my *Mattins*.
 My Home-spun *Lindsy-Wolfsy* pleases me,
 Nature's Intent it answers, and I see
 With Unconcern, each dapper, spruce *Toupee*.
 Your pretty Face and Shape I envy not,
 But rest content with what has been my Lot:
 My rural Mansion is to me a Court,
 Tired with the Town I thither do resort;
 Divide my Hours between my Friends and Study,
 And sometimes sit and chat with honest * *Cuddy*.

Mistake me not, nor think for you I plan
 A Way, when you shall ripen into MAN;
 Nor yet this Inf'rence draw, that I advise
 What may be prejudicial to your Eyes.
 For o'er the Hemisphere, with fable Wings,
 When Night posts on, and fullen Darkness brings,
 To pore on Books, by a dim Taper's Light,
 Offensive proves, and will destroy the Sight;
 A studious, sedentary Life alone,
 (Exclusive of Debauch'ry) breeds the *Stone*,
 Pain inexpressible must then take Place,
 And Pain distorts the Muscles of the Face;
 This, if you Studious are, will be your Case.
 To read, and to digest what you have read,
 Requires some Thought, and a retentive Head;
 Tho' these you want, yet still you may indite,
 Such wretched Stuff, as I, or C-----r write,

* A Word used by Authors, particularly the late Mr. Gay, to denote a Swain.

With great Facility obtain the *Bays*,
 Pen down a Birth-Day Ode, form Farces, Plays,
 And yet not gain one single Grain of Praise.

But if the World, in *Envy's* Garment clad,
 Affirm that too much Learning makes you mad,
 Their Error to refute, no more you need
 Than your *Epistle* shew, and bid 'em read
 Tell 'em 'tis All your *John-Trot-Head* affords;
 By pleading thus the Privilege of L - - ds,
 They soon will be compell'd to eat their Words.

By painful Study, and laborious Thought,
 What Mischiefs on the Body have been brought!
 Out of your Head such baneful Things erase,
 Sworn Enemies to every pretty Face:
 They by their Nature hurry on Decay,
 Beauty, like Flowers, will quickly fade away,
 The Growth of Months, yet scarce survive one Day.
 Nor is this All: Experience makes it true,
 E're Age comes on, the Work of Age they do:
 Time they anticipate, out-strip the Wind,
 Distract the Soul, and prey upon the Mind.
 That heavenly Particle, when ill at Ease,
 All the whole Frame of Nature does displease;
 The Human Form, like *Envy* we behold,
 All pale and meagre, wither'd, lame, and old.

Courts are (you say) but larger Families,
 The Growth of each, few Truths, and many Lies.
 In these two Lines there may be Truth, I own,
 But as for Rhyme, I do aver there's none:
 This is to me sufficient Proof that you,
 By Night or Day no Study do pursue,
Quicquid in buccam venere you spue.

An Indication that you never think,
And to *no Purpose* use your Pen and Ink.

Sure Nature slept, or else had tipling been,
And so mistook the Mould She cast you in ;
Your Shape, your Countenance, your Hands, your Mind,
Shew for the Toilet you had been design'd :
This from your Female Gestures does appear ;
You'll answer, that your Heart is void of Fear,
From thence conclude that I am in the Wrong,
For Cowardice to Women does belong.
That's a Moot Point, for † *Sappho* can indite,
And on occasion *Sappho* too can fight ;
You fought a Duel, but you cannot write.
Thus, without Sophistry, of all its Force
Your Argument is stript, and drops of Course.

Yet still you fancy you abound with Wit,
And on the Top of lofty *Pindus* sit ;
Devoid of Prudence, and too vain of Parts,
How oft *Green-heads* have plainer shewn bad Hearts.
With Pleasure I confess, I did, my Friend,
To draw your Picture from the Life intend ;
But what for others you have kindly done,
Change but few Words, you'll find it is your own.
Your Wit is nought but glitt'ring Ignorance,
What *Monkeys* are to Men, you are to Sense :
An aukward Mimick, ludicrous and mean,
Who often bite the Friend you entertain :
Your Tricks may please, *your Quickness* may surprise,
At first we wonder, but at last despise.
We marvel not that Ignorance you rehearse,
That still you know enough to do't in Verse :

† Lady Mary W—.

Guiltless

Guiltless of Thought each Blockhead may compose
 This nothing-meaning Verse as fast as Prose,
 And P - - pe with Justice of such Lines may say,
 His Lordship spins a thousand in a Day.

In *Bell-Man's* dogrel Verse, so bright you shine;
Quere, if you made his, or he made thine:
 Cou'd King *Iambur* gain a second Birth,
 And re-assume Dominion here on Earth,
 Thy Lines he wou'd contemn, and bid you use;
 As he had done before, the fatal Noose.
 And yet you boast that you with Ease can climb
Parnassus-Hill, and reach the great Sublime,
 That you of all *Apollo's* Son's are *Prime*.
Apollo's Sons your Kindred do disown,
 Pity your Folly, and your Pride bemoan,
 If Wit you have, that Wit was never shewn.

First-born of *Dullness* they acknowledge you,
 That there hereditary Right's your Due:
 An indigested Chaos is your Head,
 Where crawling Insects, Maggots call'd, are bred.
 The Maidens Six, declare you are a F - - -l,
 A blunt, good-natur'd, inoffensive Tool;
 By Turns you please 'em All, and by one Rule.

Say, why was I, who never did offend,
 But always took you for my real Friend,
 Say, why was I the Butt of all your Spleen,
 Your pointless Satire, which you deem so keen?

Am I the only Person that is fit,
 To shew your want of Sense, and want of Wit?
 My pretty *Apple-Face*, had you been stript,
 And for your *Fibs*, like other School-Boys whipt,

Your

Your *Defamation* I might then have 'scap'd,
 Nor had my *Character* by you been rape'd.
 In *nameless* Verse *Untruths* you have array'd,
 And those *Untruths* to all the *World* convey'd:
 Yet still this *Comfort* you have left behind,
 Which stamps a deep *Impression* on my *Mind*;
 With a *Scribendi Cacoethes* press'd,
 You make yourself, not me, a *standing Jest*.

I Was not



Your